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Wm. H. Dillingham and Chas. McAllister. He proceeded to Florence and remained there until 1851, when he went to Rome. There he remained up to the fall of 1859, when he returned to this country upon a visit, leaving his large studio still open, however, in charge of his assistants. He returns to Rome in November of the present year, and doubtless will long continue to make it his abiding place.

His labors in Florence were, in addition to a large number of busts:

- 1st. Group: Boy and Dead Dove; for Mr. Sanford, of Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 2d. Cupid, statue; for George Hastings, Esq., of New-York.
- 3d. Pandora, statue; for Major Karney, U. S. A.
- 4th. Duplicate of same; for Thomas Winans, Esq., of Baltimore.
- 5th. Bacchante, ideal bust; for John Wolf, of New-York.
- 6th. Ruth, ideal bust; for Chas. Butler, of New-York.
- 7th. Flora, ideal bust; for Gov. Hoppin, of Rhode Island.

Several of these ideal busts have been duplicated.

The works executed in Rome are, besides a large number of busts of eminent persons—

- 8th. Flora, statue; now in Dusseldorf Gallery, New-York.
- 9th. Cupid, as a Fisher Boy; for J. Hunt Adams, Norwich, Conn.
- 10th. Rebecca at the Well, statuette; for J. Davis, Jr., Boston.
- 11th. Dog and Boy Sleeping; for Patterson Allen, Esq., Richmond, Va.
- 12th. Portrait Statue of daughter of Isaac M. Phelps, New-York.
- 13th. Monumental Group: Mother and Child; for Mr. Stone, Chicago.
- 14th. Group of two, life-size: subject from "Excelsior," of Longfellow; done for Thomas S. Young, Esq., New-York.
- 15th. Portrait Statue of daughter of Marshal O. Roberts, New-York.
- 16th. Undine, statue; for Marshal O. Roberts, New-York.
- 17th. Shepherd Boy and Kid, group; still in Rome.
- 18th. Ariadne, ideal bust; in Dusseldorf Gallery, New-York.
- 19th. The Little Piper; done only in clay; now in Rome.

The "Rebecca at the Well" has been duplicated.

It will be seen by this record that the artist has been a busy man; and it is creditable to our countryman that none of the productions named have had to seek a foreign market. Commissions, in most all cases, have preceded the execution of the work.

The varied character of these several productions shows the artist's versatility of invention. There is no sameness—no barrenness—no reproduction of any stereotype feature, form, or expression—

all are originals, from no type save the ideals in his own mind.

The leading characteristic of the artist's style is a unity of beauty and dignity, which, while it gives to his faces the expression of high ideality, still leaves them human, possible, loving. It is as if the old Greeks had become Christianized and *practical*—as if Praxiteles had given his cunning into the keeping of one who sought the avenues to the heart rather than those to the mind. We have in the "Undine" and "Pandora" two exquisitely ideal creations, yet they are not impossible beauties. "Undine" has just arisen from the depths of the river and is gazing upon us from her water-drapery with a face at once divine yet human—a grace modulating like the lambent waters, yet not too ethereal for actual life. The action decided, spirited, impressive—the expression full of sweetness, though touched with the consciousness of her divinity. Had the statue been dropped recently in the Tiber, and then pulled forth by some explorer after ancient masterpieces, the world would not have hesitated in regarding the work as by a Greek. The "Pandora" is less classic and more human than the "Undine." The semi-nude figure is of almost faultless anatomy—its *pose* is at once graceful and striking—its action is clearly defined—its expression of hesitant, half-formed determination to open the fatal box, is all that the language requires. Compared with, for instance, the "Greek Slave" of Hiram Powers, it is equal to it in anatomical symmetry, superior to it in grace and disposition, and much above it in ideality and power of rendering emotion.

The ideal busts are all pervaded with a commingling of severity with sweetness which is really remarkable. "Ruth" is Diana's dignity transfused with human tenderness and womanly confidence. "Bacchante" is no gross devotee of the feast and revel, but the type of one loving the Samian wine for the exquisite sensations it produced. The statuette, "Rebecca at the Well" is one of the purest embodiments of the pensive Jewish beauty which we ever looked upon—full of tenderness and grace, but earnest, calm, and sustained as a queen.

The busts and portrait statues of Mr. Ives are all that could be asked for truthfulness, while, superadded, is that indefinable presence which we call spirituality for want of a more definite term, though

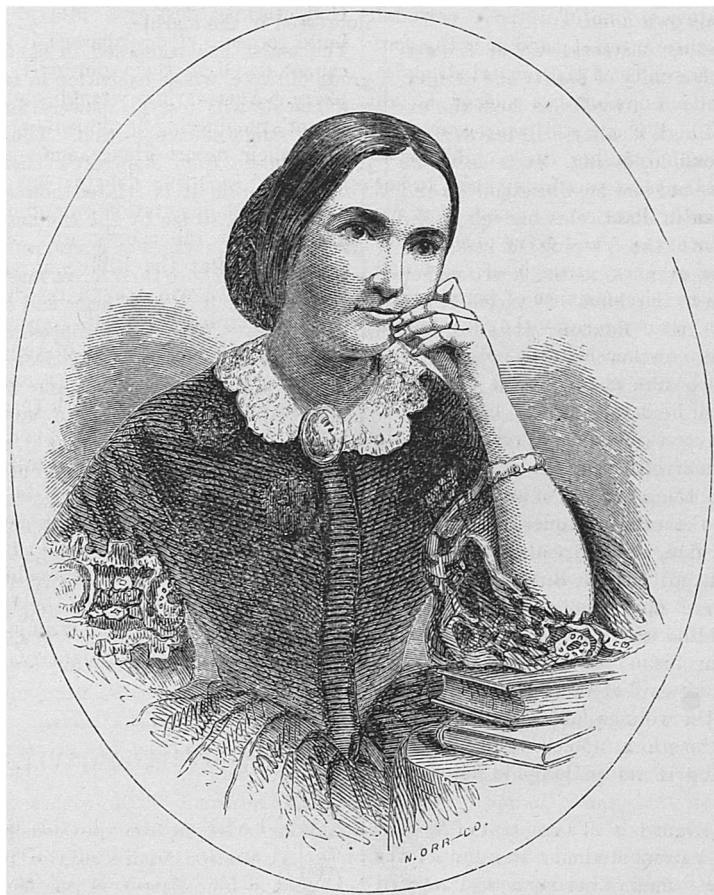
it really is the artist's own individuality impressed in the marble.

The artist has composed in sketch a group of three, whose execution in model and marble will test his powers for the highest range of composition. The subject is chosen from Bancroft's History, Vol. V., wherein it is related how some white maidens, stolen by the Indians and adopted by the savages as wives, refused, for the love they bore their forest masters, to return to their parents' arms and civilized homes. The group represents a splendid Indian, standing six feet two inches in his moccasins; a young white female clasping his left arm and hanging on to it in confidence; on the right, a female kneeling, supplicating with upturned, clasped hands for her daughter to return to her. The Indian's face is in the calmest of dignified repose—the daughter's face is one of the commingled emotions of resolve to resist appeal and pain from mental disquietude—the mother's face is one of pleading, agonizing tenderness. All is to be done life-size; and, if wrought with the artist's evident skill, it will place him among the greatest of modern sculptors.

Mr. Ives returns to Rome with several valuable commissions, from the Cosmopolitan Art Association, from a gentleman in St. Louis, and from New-York gentlemen, several of whom already have works of the sculptor in their possession.

AUGUSTA J. EVANS.

THE recent conquests of Southern ladies, in the field of fiction, is a subject of agreeable remark in literary circles. Three of the most popular novels ever issued on this side of the Atlantic, written by Americans, are "Beulah," by Miss Evans; "Nemesis," by Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland); and, "The Household of Bouverie," by Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield—all women from the Southern States. These single instances silence, forever, the absurd assertion of many newspaper critics, that the South produces no writers of excellence: beyond question, "Beulah," and "The Household of Bouverie," are among the most *intellectually* original of any novels yet produced by American authors. We record these triumphs with the greater pleasure, because, in certain quarters.



Augusta J. Evans.

where reputations are supposed to be made and unmade at will, there is a disposition to deny the authors named the position which their just and publicly conceded merits deserve. It is the bane of our journalism that, in literature as in politics, an author's personal relations to the editor have everything to do with the estimate placed upon the literary productions of the claimant for favor; while a residence "out West," or "down South," suffices, with a majority of our "Eastern" journalists, to consign the writer either to the distant background of their favors, or to the tender mercies of their "patronage," bestowed as a great concession. Had Miss Evans been a resident of New-England—Mrs. Warfield, a "lady of New-York"—they would have found favor, long since, in quarters where their works and names now are scarcely referred to. It is a satisfaction to feel that the higher tribunal of the public exists—whose good estimation, once obtained, will quite compensate for the

slights of journalists and book editors, who would make themselves a power in literature if they were not so constantly foiled by the

— "divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

The authors of the books named above can well afford to bide their time.

Augusta J. Evans, author of "Beulah," is a native of Georgia, having been born near Columbus, in that State, in the year 1837. She is the eldest of a family of eight children. Her early years were passed in Texas—1847 found her in San Antonio, where, in the midst of the alarms of war, and the demoralization consequent on the presence of several regiments of soldiers, she was not able to profit much by her surroundings. But, like many a noble heart before her, she had that most priceless of treasures, a mother of intelligence and good judgment, under whose care the girl grew into young womanhood, with right principles, right aims, and right views of society.

Her brothers were too young for her companionship; a mother's society and books were the only resources against loneliness and *ennui*. Here, then, were nourished into full life the germs of that reflective faculty which ultimately sent her mind in search of companionship and sympathy among the dry bones of the Schoolmen and Doctors of Mentality—which refused to be satisfied with what it found—which created for itself a world of doubts, fears, struggles, and of ultimate triumph in the plain, homely, Christian garb of "Beulah."

To that portion of her life spent in San Antonio, the lady thus refers, in a note to a friend:

"I remember rambling about the crumbling walls of the Alamo, recalling all its bloody horrors; and, as I climbed the mouldering, melancholy pile, to watch the last rays of the setting sun gild the hill-tops, creep down the sides, and slowly sink into the blue waves of the San Antonio river—as I looked over the quietly beautiful valley, with its once noble Alameda of stately cotton-woods—my heart throbbed, and I wondered if I should be able, some day, to write about it for those who had never looked upon a scene so fair. I seem, even now, to be winding, once more, through that lovely valley, holding my mother's hand tightly, as she repeats beautiful descriptions from Thomson's 'Seasons,' and Cowper's 'Task.' Again I see the white flock slowly descending the hills, bleating as they wind home to my father's fold."

In 1849, the family removed to Alabama, choosing the pleasant city of Mobile, where to afford the children the advantages of good associations and good schools, and where they all still continue to reside.

The first attempt at authorship is thus narrated by Mary Forrest, in her "Women of the South":

"Early in her seventeenth year, she wrote 'Inez: a Tale of the Alamo,' in which she designed to show the abuses of papacy, as they were revealed to her in San Antonio, as well as to embody the principal features of the Texan War of Independence. Only her mother knew of the ambitious project; and one Christmas morning Augusta placed the MS. in the hands of her father, as a holiday surprise. The work was brought out, anonymously, in 1855. It is marked by the same features as give to her later

work its stern individuality, though it is less happy in style and artistic effect. We do not expect a mere school-girl to achieve at once the finished composition of the practical writer. The story was noticed favorably by the press, though Catholic journals took umbrage at her strictures upon the priesthood and charged at the young heretic with might and main."

The success of "Inez" impelled the young writer to continue the autorial career. She devoted several succeeding years to earnest study of philosophy and literature—the fruits of which are shown in the erudition and mental resources betrayed, in "Beulah," which was published, in the fall of 1859, by Derby & Jackson, of New-York. It was a success from the first, though it did not make the author, like the author of "Child Harold," famous in one day. The sale and reputation of the book were of gradual, steady growth—each day adding to its hold upon the mind of the more intelligent portion of the readers of fiction. It has, up to this time, reached a sale of twenty-three thousand copies.

The author of the work from which we have above quoted, thus truthfully characterizes the volume and its purposes:

"Skepticism is the Upas-tree of the age. Its poisonous roots underlie some of the fairest gardens of mental and spiritual culture. Its baneful breath is everywhere. We have lost the sweet trusting faith of our fathers. We glory in our profundity, in our logical acumen, in the audacity of our unbelief. Nothing is too high, nothing too deep, for our comprehension. Whatever looms beyond the reach of our thought is a delusion—we will have none of it. At this pernicious state of things, 'Beulah' is aimed. Its author is terribly in earnest. She evidently has traversed the whole waste of rationalism, nominalism, eclecticism, realism, positivism—over which we painfully follow her heroine. She takes Beulah by the hand, and leads her over the ground with merciless fidelity. Not a doubt is left unturned; every dragon of speculation which once assailed her is unearthed, and the stormy battle is fought over it again. We wrestle ourselves, and grow faint in the protracted contest. This intensely vitalized action of the book is its grand feature and fulcrum—effecting more than whole folios of mere argument."

The story is one of intense personal and dramatic interest; and it is this fact which has rendered the mental struggles and abstractions of the author at all palatable. We are so deeply concerned for Beulah, from her early childhood—through her most painful girlhood, to her lovely, self-reliant womanhood, that we make her *our own*, and every phase of her experiences, every struggle of heart and mind, every circumstance of her singular lot, more than interest—they involve us, as it were, in her history. While there is nothing like the book, in English or American literature, it still has points in common with "Jane Eyre"—the same strong individualism, the same sad life-struggle, the same love of an unattainable object, the same conquering of circumstances, fate, and heart disquietudes, and a final happy home. But, all these likenesses are not parallels—they are the mere similarities of womanly nature, of life-antagonisms, of daring self-endurance; and we feel that "Beulah" is a fit companion volume of "Jane Eyre," in story, though a nobler volume in its moral and in its philosophic determinations.

Miss Evans is still a resident of Mobile. A calm, patient student—an intense lover of nature—fond of her home, and devoted in her family relations—she is gathering in those materials which produce glorious mental results to such natures as hers; and we, therefore, look forward to her future with hope of further offerings upon the altar of a pure, ennobling, beautiful literature.

As a specimen of the style of the author, and to show the end and aim of the narrative, we may here quote from the closing pages of her book:

"Where is your old worship of genius?" asked her husband, watching her curiously.

"I have not lost it all. I hope I never shall. Human genius has accomplished a vast deal for man's temporal existence. The physical sciences have been wheeled forward in the march of mind, and man's earthly path gemmed with all that a merely sensual nature could desire. But looking aside from these channels, what has it effected for philosophy, that great burden, which constantly recalls the fabled labors of Sisyphus and the Danaides? Since the rising of Bethlehem's star, in the cloudy sky of polytheism, what has human genius discovered of

God, eternity, destiny? Metaphysicians build gorgeous cloud palaces, but the soul cannot dwell in their cold, misty atmosphere. Antiquarians wrangle and write; Egypt's mouldering monuments are raked from their desert graves, and made the theme of scientific debate; but has all this learned disputation contributed one iota to clear the thorny way of strict morality? Put the Bible out of sight, and how much will human intellect discover concerning our origin—our ultimate destiny? In the morning of time, sages handled these vital questions, and died, not one step nearer the truth than when they began. Now, our philosophers struggle, earnestly and honestly, to make plain the same inscrutable mysteries. Yes, blot out the records of Moses, and we would grope in starless night; for notwithstanding the many priceless blessings it has discovered for man, the torch of science will never pierce and illumine the recesses over which Almighty God has hung his veil."

CHARLES F. BLAUVELT.

GENRE painters, in this country, are an impossibility, if we consider exposition of *stereotyped* local life and manners as necessary material for this class of artists. As a people the Americans have not lived long enough in one spot to gain strongly local as well as national peculiarities. We are made up of everybody from everywhere. We stay nowhere, and live just as the caprice dictates. We change everything, from our hats to our houses, as often as twice a year; and the artist in pursuit of *American* "cottage life"—*American* "low life" or "high life"—*American* "boatmen" or "fishermen"—*American* dogs, cats, mothers, and babes—would have to break his rest-stick in despair.

Still, we have a certain class of subjects which are peculiar to American cities and shores—news-boys, street-sweepers, wood-sawyers, immigrants, dock-loafers, strolling organ-men, Yankee pedlers, butcher-boys, negroes, Irish laborers, German lager-beer guzzlers, etc., etc., which offer endless themes for the pencil and palette of the painter, whose appreciation of humor and emotional expression is keen and ready. But, singular as it may appear, very few of our reputable